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# ART?

K 46308 #7

ALTERNATIVES

*Shut Up And Look!*

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Screaming  
Mad George  
Jeremy Turner  
Tim Slowinski

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*plus: Robt. Williams, Annie Sprinkle,  
Swedish Pot Girl & More!!*

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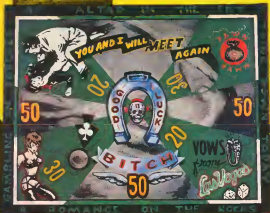
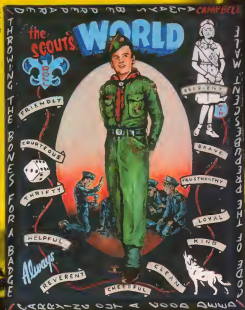




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Scout's Code  
It's 18"  
all an act



Good Luck Bitch  
It's 18", all an act



Edo Mail  
12" x 18" all an act



Reading Between  
The Lines With  
**Bob Vessells**



# VESSELL MANIA



**B**ob Vessells is a modern day renaissance artist — painting, drawing, tattooing and creating three dimensional pieces are just a few of the areas he's exploring. Often his work utilizes real bones, horns, teeth and hair to create modern day frescoes. In all mediums, his style emphasizes detail and his subject matter often explores the darker areas of the human condition. Like intricate nightmares, Vessells' work draws you in to a complex surrealism that you wander through like a maze. We spoke with Bob while he was in the process of opening his new tattoo studio, Funny Farm Tattoo Asylum in Los Angeles.

*Which came first, artwork or tattooing?*

Art work came first. My father painted, so I was introduced to it at a

*by Jean-Claude Miller*



young age—out so much painting but ink pen and drawing, things of that nature. Initially, I wanted to create special effects for a living. I've always been into horror films but I just couldn't deal with the bones. So basically that creative desire evolved into something I could just do at home. I use horror film elements—real bones, teeth, horns, things of that nature. I also built a torture chamber for my house—corks, a gallows, a pendulum, cages and stuff. . . I'm very addicted to horror films.

*Do you have formal training?*

No, and I try not to do a whole lot of research when I'm doing something. I just let it happen all by itself. I'm experimenting with oils now and so I talk to people who work in that and they tell me what their experiences are. Basically, I think schools try to constrict you a little too much.

*When did you start tattooing?*

I started in 1991 with a home made machine, part of a bunch of crazy little punk rock kids who had nothing better to do. It was a combination of that and painting leather jackets and drawing band flyers, so it was this total interest in the scene.

*How do ideas come to you? Do you start doodling or do you draft out an idea?*

I do take a lot of notes, but I also sketch without thinking and I have a file of these drawings. When I'm doing three dimensional things I usually work with what I have lying around. They're almost like puzzles because working with bones and things, it takes longer to actually collect the materials than to do the work.

*Where do you get your materials?*

I trade tattoos for bones a lot of times. I mean what can you do, there aren't taxidermy swap meets. Whatever works.

*What's your favorite medium to work in?*

Technical pens— I really think pen and ink is an underrated art. If something doesn't have color and it's not on canvas, it's not considered a real art. For years, black & gray tattoos weren't considered real tattoos, they were considered "prison style." That style was shunned by the tattoo world, but they came around and now it's well respected.

*When the art director for this magazine looked at your pen and ink work, he said, in all seriousness, that it was the kind of stuff that could drive you crazy—all that tiny detail.*

Yeah, well N.C. Escher went insane. He initially was a math teacher and he started drawing to explain theories on the chalk board in school. That progressed to the stuff we see now, but, yeah, he lost his fuckin' mind.

*Do you ever feel like you're close to the edge, doing all of this intricate work?*

No, that's why I keep jumping around, so I don't get burnt out. Even tattooing is like pen and ink, very detailed, so when I get home I like to do the three dimensional stuff— cuz you can drink a beer and watch TV while you're doing it. It's not a high concentration type of work.

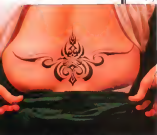
*What are your influences?*

Science fiction and horror films, obviously. There's this artist Shawn Curry that used to do posters for all the LA punk bands, that was a heavy influence for my pen and ink. Right now I'm digging a lot of that X50 stuff, we're kinda in the same vein. He's got a very humorous side to science fiction/horror and that's still fresh territory at this point.

Renaissance art, Bosch, Virgil Finlay, N.C. Escher, Dalí— basically just about everybody. I keep my eyes open, whether I like everything they do or not, there's always something you can get out of it.

I'm really influenced by the horrors of history— like when the Puritans killed the witches and when the early settlers destroyed whole tribes of Native Americans, complete genocide. The Holocaust, the Inquisition. Religion was supposedly to comfort people and you look back in history and so many times it was made illegal for everybody to worship their own gods and speak their own languages. It's too easy for people to forget those things— but basically

**I** trade tattoos for bones a lot of times. I mean, what can you do, there aren't taxidermy swap meets.



*Tattoo by Bob Vessells*



it's human nature.

*It's something so elemental to the human condition, but people don't wanna look at it. I think that's why many people these days are so into things like gothicism and horror—they're not afraid to explore that dark side. And a lot of people are breaking a way from Western religion—they're not afraid of the Puritan threat of burning in hell.*

It's coming full circle. We've been through the Dark Ages, the Bronze Age and we're coming to the Age of Light—the point where people are returning to individual spirituality, and it's a gathering of the tribes in a sense. It was only a couple of years ago when all of these little sub cultures didn't get along and now, at this point, there's no preconceptions of what people should be like—sexual preference, race. People in power have been trying to segregate everybody for so long for purposes of control and easy manipulation. All the people that never conformed, that they called weirdos and heretics and losers, are the people that never lost touch with who they were as an individual in this dogmatic society.

*What we're seeing now, from our generation's obsession with dark imagery to actual violence in the streets are expressions of suppressed urges. So many human impulses have been suppressed for generations by Puritanical minds. It's a natural process that the negative stuff comes to the surface. It's very holistic for the bad and scary aspects of being a human to come to a head. That's what the old rituals were for, to get that shit into the open without actually harming anyone.*



most people won't go any further and read between the lines. A lot of the art that people like for shock value is not trying to promote violence and horror—it's trying to get people to think and look at the repetitive behavior and evil traits in people's nature.

Art was so safe for so long, people in the art galleries told you what the work meant and what you should think about it, instead of the work actually stirring up individual emotions within the person. That's a sad thing when people can't read into something—each person sees something different: how can those things mean the same thing to all people? Shit has been stagnant for so long that the art movement today is a big kick in the ass. There's a serious renaissance in art going on now—at least in L.A., I can't even keep up with it.

*Not necessarily paintings hanging on a gallery wall either—but in a person's own life. Living a life with art: you put art on your skin, you wear art on your body—*

It's all cultural art. People get over that thing where art was for the elite, now it's all about your culture. Whether it's painting flowers on buses or chalk on the sidewalk or spray painting pictures on your cars—it's cool. People set up too many damn boundaries instead of just enjoying art, for what it is.

*You can catch Bob at the Penny Farm —Tattoo Asylum—that is, (323) 913-7043.*



**A** lot of art that people like for shock value is not trying to promote violence and horror. it's trying to look at . . . people's nature.



*Check out Bob's post-art poster in the middle of this rag*

**ART? 13**





# GET BIT Roarin' Rick's Dream Comic

"We call the  
unconscious

"nothing" and yet it is a  
reality in *potencia*. The thought we shall think, the deed we shall do,  
even the fate we shall lament tomorrow all lie in our unconscious."

—Carl Jung

**R**oarin' Rick's *Rare Bit Fiends* is a two-hoo comic—  
dealing, as it does, with the wacky world of the  
unconscious. Published once a month, each issue is based  
on dreams the artist, Rick Veitch, had for the previous  
month. Taking a tip from Scott McCloud's *24 Hour Comic*  
where the artist drew a 24-page comic in 24 hours and using  
a common technique for dream recall, Veitch keeps a s-  
ketchbook and some markers by his bed and each morning  
scribbles notes on his dreams. From those notes, he produces the comic. While  
other artists have used the premise of dreaming in comics (Waltster McCoy,  
Weirdwest, Veitch is selling an unanchored psychic sea by trying  
to translate dreaming into something  
tangible. Not just trippy  
visions but the whole sense of what  
dreaming is—it's purpose.

Though it has the commercial  
look of a mainstream rag, taller all  
Veitch did work for DC and Marvel.  
*Rare Bit Fiends* is highly ex-  
perimental. Veitch supports  
the idea that dreams  
function as a sphere far more  
complex than simple, un-  
censored expressions of the  
unconscious—they are pure  
manifestations of not only in-  
dividual consciousness but a  
larger, collective con-  
sciousness. The information  
in dreams supercedes waking reality—and whether  
you consider it premonition, prophesy or intuition, there's an element to  
dreaming that has nothing to do with our understanding of time and space.



Photo of Rick Veitch  
by Fred Moore.

For Veitch, dreaming is at the very core of existence, and our job as  
humans is to peel back the layers of symbolism to uncover the revelations  
that lie beneath. As Veitch wrote in the first issue, "Few make the attempt  
any more to decipher the poetically charged symbolism that dreams  
naturally speak, much less grapple with the multi-dimensional aspects of  
being we can uncover there."

Technically, Veitch also conveys the "otherness" of dreaming through  
the lay-out of the book. His use of unusual panel formats create a unique  
sense of time and motion for the reader. He considers these comics the purest  
expression of his creativity and self imagination.

... his first attempt at  
"high art," his dream  
panels are beautiful,  
bizarre and in-  
scrutable. There's a  
strange sense of deja vu  
in reading and looking  
at these dreams. "We may  
not understand the personal  
symbolism but it's still  
familiar—we  
recognize the feeling and  
we speak the language. In  
a sense, it's an extremely  
reueristic act—  
peeking into a man's  
psyche like this. Without  
any arty touches, Veitch  
allows us access into his  
unconscious—like  
Rick says, by reading

SO THIS IS  
WHAT IT FEELS  
LIKE TO HAVE  
SUPER POWERS!



*Rare Bit Fiends*, we may know more about him than he does.

Veitch has been a cartoonist all his life (he was in the first class at



All graphics are reproduced from *Rare Bit Fiends*. © Rick Veitch.  
except for "Celebrity Rare Bit Fiends". © Neil Gaiman & Rick Veitch

Joe Kubert's School of Cartoons and Graphic Arts® and spent years slaving away on corporate comics like *Superman* and *Swamp Thing* in his own work *Maxx* and *Spawn*. But Fitch is grappling with the psychology of the superhero as well as the psychosis of the comic book industry, so it's not surprising that many of Vetch's dreams are about comics or cartoonists. Any comic head will find *Rare Bit Fiends* as cinematic on that level—great insider stuff. He also includes *Celebrity Rare Bits*, where other cartoonists (Dave Sim, Neil Gaiman, Steve Bissett) do a page on one of their dreams.

Little Omens is a letter section in the back of the book, people write in and tell Rick their dreams, offer hints on how to remain lucid while dreaming, or give techniques to recall dreams. Vetch is passionate about creating a forum where people can discuss and share information on this subject. An artist seriously attempting to translate the abstract dreamworld into something coherent, combined with an audience focusing on the act, is very powerful. Knowing Vetch's views on collective consciousness I wouldn't be surprised if the guy wasn't trying to alter the function of dreaming in 20th century Western civilization. I get pretty tired of nodding while reading these comics—Vetch's ability to convey the surreality and lack of linear time and space specific to the dream state really loosens up my lobes. And, of course, I'm dreaming fiercer and remembering more than ever before.

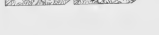
*Rare Bit Fiends* has been nominated by the Eisner Awards for "Best New Series" and "Best Covers." Any inquiries regarding Vetch work should be addressed to: *King Hell Press, RR1, Box 52, W. Townsend, VT, 05559.* *Rare Bit Fiends* can be ordered directly, via the above address or with the handy order form on the next page!



#### Earth's Indifferent Yet Dreadful Dream



#### Earth's Indifferent Yet Dreadful Dream



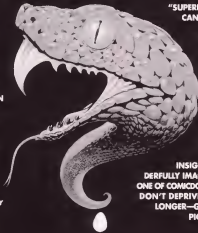
# HAVE YOU GOT BIT

"TOP FIVE  
INDEPENDENTS  
FOR 1994"  
WIZARD  
MAGAZINE

"FASCINATING.  
ONE OF THE  
BEST COMICS TO  
HIT THE STANDS IN  
A LONG TIME."  
FEATURE MAGAZINE

"THE FIRST EGAL-  
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COMMUNITY  
DREAM  
JOURNAL"  
JEREMY TAYLOR,  
CREATION SPIRITUALITY

"TOP 49 OF '94"  
HERO ILLUSTRATED



"SUPERB. COMPELLING. IT  
CAN'T BE DESCRIBED AS  
A REGULAR COMIC  
BECAUSE IT'S SUCH  
A DIFFERENT  
CONCEPT."  
SEZ WHO

"HILARIOUS!  
RARE BIT FIENDS  
IS UNLIKE ANY  
OTHER COMIC  
BOOK. A SUPERBLY  
CRAFTED SERIES THAT  
GIVES DAZZLING  
INSIGHT INTO THE WON-  
DERFULLY IMAGINATIVE MIND OF  
ONE OF COMICDOM'S GREAT TALENTS.  
DON'T DEPRIVE YOURSELVES ANY  
LONGER—GET OUT THERE AND  
PICK THIS BOOK UP!"  
ERIC STEPHENSON,  
HERO ILLUSTRATED

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# Color Me Lurid



*The last supper, 66 x 66*



*The Pyramid Club, 45 x 60*

## Joey Seeman's Compelling Canvases



*Spore Poets, 63 x 60*

Joey Seeman loves the sexually subterranean side of life. His canvases often capture characters in a moment of lascivious excess and, by their expressions, they're forcing every minute of it. Other pieces pay homage to '60's sex fi. Mexican writers and the whole gamut of B movie icons.

Seeman's subjects all share a certain cheekiness and the fact that they're considered to be bright applies only emphasizes the stimulating depravity of it all.

Joey Seeman can be reached at 609.538.4606



*Seeman (Born From Spore) 45 x 60*



*Phon of Joey Seeman  
courtesy of J.K. Travers*



*Red Boudier, 65 x 60*



*Russian's Boudier Room  
63 x 60*



Green Dubuque 48" x 60"

# BULLET & BORED

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ART CARRY

**C**arry Talk and other amazing anecdotes in an hour-plus spoken-word video of subculture demi-god Robt. Williams' tales from his hot-reddin', potty-thievin' carnival days. Takes like The Great Pecan Matter and Hospital Stillborns are repulsive, amusing and occasionally amusing, but an hour of Williams' ramblings (framed in a tight-shot of his face the entire time) becomes an endurance test. Williams comes across like an entertaining but obnoxious pal who likes the sound of his own voice too much. The kid that gets drunk and launches into an interminable dreck about some unlikely adventures from his wild years while you smile blithely and nod your head occasionally like the transparent fool you are.

Still, those days if Robt. Williams sat on a hat someone would wear it, so I guess devotees will be enthralled by the hi-jinks (like a stork from hell, Williams delivers dead fetuses to the doorsteps of well-to-do households in his hometown) and low-life (after waiting on line to get a blow-job from the carnival fat lady, Williams elope and falls in the puddle of jism created by the whore spitting cum onto the floor). Perfect for lonely art geeks and distressed postal workers. Available for \$25 (post paid) through: Jerry Wessell, PO Box 1611, Manhattan Beach, CA 90267-1611, (310) 379-1617.

## GOOD POT

**G**aila Maria Beretta comes from a long line of potters and learned the trade in her grandfather's studio. She's most influenced by

highly ornate porcelain work from the 17th century and sees her own pieces as "cartoon versions" of that work. American industrial ceramics of the 1950's are another source of inspiration and she speaks lovingly of their "ice cream shades and curvy, organic lines."

"Coming from my family, becoming a potter was a natural choice," Beretta explains. "I did not particularly enjoy it at first, it was messy and frustrating, but I stuck to it and learned skills that allow me to express

my ideas in clay rather than in other more glamorous media. I

grew up to appreciate the dirtier side of the job as an obligated path to a smooth and refined product. Taking care of each step of production now gives me great satisfaction, but the moment I treasure most is when I open the kilns door to release all those animated teapots, jugs, cups and mugs!"

Gaila Maria  
Beretta



Ceramics is located in Zurich, Switzerland, phone & fax: 01-252 92 65. Her US representative is Luther Grand, phone: (212) 440-5632.



#### POP GOES THE PRODUCT

**T**he forward-thinking Bens Corder Gallery has created a mail order catalog of "alt/urban/scene" (hats, caps, t-shirts) incorporating the work of eight artists, amassed under the name *Pop Cult Products*: Anthony Ansgang, Oliver Barker, Alan Berich, James O'Barry, R.K. Shaw, Robt. Williams, Jon Wiedman and XSO have all contributed images for this venture.

**Pop Cult Products, 370 West Broadway, NY, NY 10012, phone (212) 219-1577, fax (212) 941-8180.**



#### ONE STACKED DECK

**A**nnie Sprinkle has photographed some of the coolest sex-positive women around for *Annie Sprinkle's Post Modern Pin Ups: Pleasure Against Playing Cards*. This deck of oversized playing cards features 54 portraits of such sex and art world luminaries as Linda Montano, Lydia Lunch, Conditia Bayville and Sessie Bright. Plus there's a 64-page booklet offering tips on each-essential for looking up milk on that cute little Jack of Spades or any other card you might have a crush on.

Available for \$18.95 at hipster book stores everywhere or add \$2 (shipping & handling) and order directly from:  
**Gates Of Hack, PO Box 16298, Richmond, VA 23227-8498, (804) 266-9422.**



#### COMBUSTIBLE COMICS

**I**f you like your comics violent and erotic, you'll cream in your calottes for *Perseid Press*. The publisher and editor-in-chief is rock & roll madman Glenn Danzig, the managing editor is Bart Fisher (publisher of *Boyz n the City*)—a duo as incendiary as polyester PJ's and a Zippo. Danzig & Co. have holed out the big guns, fostering work by fantasy and horror heavyweights like Steven Seitz, Grant Morrison, Nancy Collins and Frank Frazetta. You can bet your bell bottoms it's all about pushing it to the limit, baby. —Nerotic's press release claims the mags are "enslaved with complete artistic control, are 100% uncensored and carry an Mature Readers cover advisory." *Perseid* has two exceptional monthlies on the stand, *Satanica* (about a devil girl's search for her demonic daddy) and *Perseida* (erotic horror stories). And, coming soon: *DeathDealer*—The comic honoring the work of the late F. Lee Young.

HELLO *scene*



DREAMING OF ANGELS HAS MADE YOU WET!!



# Transformation & Decay

## Kim

## Stringfellow's

## Sensual

## Shrines

Kim Stringfellow is a visual artist who makes assemblages that include her photographs. An avowed

appropriator, Stringfellow takes from an eclectic list of sources: natural history museums—occasionally she takes their aesthetic of preservation further by adding organisms in the process of transformation and decay (live insects, rotting fruit). She is amused by decadent pop culture from the 16th century to the present. Like vanitas and memento mori, her work often seeks to find a place for the ephemeral within the confines of objective reality. She likes to look at the work of Brausemberg, Velasquez, as well as everything chaotic. *Tara Azeff*

magazine and Watts Tower. She reads French literature, Joseph Campbell and classic mythology.

In her work, Stringfellow mixes personal experiences with cultural iconography. She evokes, visually, her own grapplings with identity, alienation and sensuality, and weaves them with the question marks she places on religion and mythology, suicide, incest and drug abuse. Though the themes of her work have a weighty, quiet violence, absurdity and humor are always in the subtext.

Stringfellow has a daughter named Alex who she credits for keeping her eyes fresh. Alex, age nine, is model and subject of two of Stringfellow's works in progress.

*Kim Stringfellow is represented by Morphus Gallery (415) 436-1936, contact: Catherine Clark. Stringfellow's mailing address is 564 Mission St. #452, San Francisco, CA 94105.*



*Self Portrait as St. Lucy, 1991 36" x 24" x 3"*

According to legend, Lucy, a third-century saint plucked out her eyes to avoid being recognized by a Roman nobleman who was in pursuit to rape her. She was thus martyred, preserving her virginity for Christ. A variant legend suggests that a sister was so smitten by Lucy's beautiful eyes, that she tore them from her head and sent them to him because she felt they were causing harm to the young man.

That many of the Christian saints are disfigured, mutilated or raped to attain their martyrdom amazes me. The romantic idea of suffering extensive physical, mental and self-inflicted pain for "love" is appalling. My shrine for St. Lucy represents the sickness, disease, obsession and dizzy partner for unrequited love.

The main image for the (pencil) is a self-portrait as St. Lucy during the act of self-mutilation. She wields a letter opener, her finger transformed into a hand holding a letter which is a Mexican love charm. A watchful fly rests next to the crumpled letter before her a memento mori. Blood drips from her eyes into the real space of the viewer. Below the portrait hangs a torn drape partially covering old jars containing pickles, preserved loafs, molding peaches and rotting salmon eggs.



*Doubled, 1992*

39" x 46" x 4"

**B**ased on a School of Fontainebleau painting of Gabrielle d'Estrees and her sister. The original image is quite compelling, showing the two sisters at their bath with one gently, but fetishistically, pinching the other's breast. They seem to know something we do not—feminine intuition abounds. It is interesting that the more delicate sister is performing this sodistic act, which in actuality signifies that her sister is pregnant. The main emphasis of my reinterpretation is the interaction between the two sisters and their significance to one another. I have presented them as identical twins, stressing the difference between their two personali-

ties: their dominant and submissive characters.

Twins represent duality, the two natures of humankind: the good and evil, the ego and the alter ego, the feminine and the masculine. My twins are weavers of fate and the connoisseurs of destiny. Above the pair are five compartments, each containing a circular object: a domestic spiral fan, electrical stove element, the full moon (the symbol for all lunar goddesses), a circular saw blade, a breast where a spider is nursing and a clock spiral.

*Grandma for My Mind, 1994*

36" x 24" x 3"

**T**he text across the banner reads: "I have few memories of Grandma Pat. We went to Zenarkana when I was nine, to my father's family reunion. The cousins and relatives I met there were unfamiliar—it had always just been the three of us. One morning as I was getting my breakfast, Grandma seemed really upset because I had put too much sugar on my cereal. Her reaction made me feel uncomfortable around these unfamiliar people. The next day, as she tightly braided my hair, I studied her face in the bathroom mirror. She worked her hands, her eyebrows knit in concentration, the expression severe and absorbed. At that moment it occurred to me how much like her I already was. The next year she shot herself in the head." The assemblage contains family snapshots, jars with rotting cereal and milk, sugar, hair and bullets.





*Transformation of Ceres into a Madonna, 1991.*

36" x 24" x 3"

**M**y primary concern in this piece is the transfiguration of symbols that represent pagan deities/religions into Christian saints/rituals. What is their meaning in our modern society? What, if any, remnant of knowledge has trickled down to us? Another central issue . . . is the emphasis of the female as spiritual leader in these early pagan religions before the conversion to male dominated Christianity.

The photograph depicts a woman wearing ears of corn, a leaf of bread resting on her head, ants crawling across her face. Cere and wheat are central symbols on the earth/fertility goddesses such as Ceres. The leaf of bread conveys transformation of the Goddess into the body of Christ in a humorous manner. The ants, also an attribute of Ceres, signify the connection with earth where ants burrow and the underground rituals for the Goddess took place. The side panels . . . represent the labyrinth of time where the mysteries and wisdom of the ancient cultures have been lost, forgotten and reconstructed into new, modern mythologies. The piece also contains a crow, representing transformation, corn kernels, a severed half of a butterfly wing and a bottle of bee pollen representing fertility.

This piece features the ants when exhibited.



*Descending Venus, 1993.*

30" x 30" x 4"

**T**his piece is the antithesis of Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* in which Botticelli appears fresh, pristine and quite ignorant. My Venus has chosen to return to the bowels of the sea, somewhat jaded, having gained bitter knowledge and heartache because of the injustices inflicted on her and her environment. The work is constructed to resemble the fortune teller bowls found at carnivals or natural history dioramas. Shelves compartments house jars of dead sea creatures, associated with the historical goddess: as well as sea anemone-like French ticklers and pearl bath oil beads. A peephole in the lower half of the piece reveals the innards of the reproductive system with a passage from James Joyce's *Ulysses* superimposed across it.

# No More Happy Endings

I was born in 1950 and raised with all the innate suppressions and contradictions of that era. As a girl, I was steered towards a secretarial career, being recognized as a little too peculiar for marriage. By flashlight I devoured *NAD Magazine*, which was my most visceral artistic influence.

Instead of going to college, I spent my late teens and twenties working at every imaginable low paying job, as infrequently as I could master. Time after time I was fired for reasons that ranged from insubordination to smelling bad. I was perpetually hungry—ate and lived like a wild animal. Between the ages of 17 and 28, I'd lived in over twenty-five different residences.

It was after that I took to seriously, systematically, studying politics, philosophy, history, feminism and how art fit into all this—especially the history and culture of World War I and II, the immediate post-war period, the rise of Fascism as a world force. What amazed me was the thoroughness of the lies we'd been given in school—how everything

## Jeremy Turner Makes Magic & Devastation



*Democracy, 35" x 60", 1990*



I'd ever been taught is, in fact, quite contrary to the truth. Peeling back layers to expose naked realities is a vital part of my perception and of my painting.

I began painting in 1986, reticently. I was worried about the elitism of my potential audiences. My paintings were from the beginning large, like movie screens. I've always painted reality—twisted and exposed and laid bare with contradictions, but reality none-the-less. (Every once in a

while I paint a longed-for fantasy—images of Women taking power, or patriarchy meeting their demise).

For the first five years of my painting, I felt I was primarily creating political propaganda—feminist, revolutionary—using what I took to be Brechtian principles of the epic theater—especially that the art had to be joltingly contradictory—compelling and repulsive; humorous and devastating; beautiful and gruesome. It was

important to me, at first, to be “politically correct”—not to be ambiguous, or mysterious or psychological.

I think it was the Gulf War that changed my perceptions and consequently my purpose. It was at that time that I came to see deeper complexities, that I became aware of a need for magic in the devastating world. Magic and mystery, unexplainable elements I'd kept out of my life and my painting, crept in along side the political purpose. Also, suddenly, I no



longer needed a happy ending. I found my freedom in the recognition that the world has already been killed by the power-mongers—to pretend answers and solutions at this point in history is to be fundamentally dishonest.

I try to live a fairly sordid life. I've managed to evade domesticity like the plague. If I'd been living in the early part of the century, I'd have made an ideal opium den candidate, but alas, now I merely read and imagine, longing for knowledge and the richness of history. I take heart in Toulouse-Lautrec, whose work I revere. He lived an utterly degenerate life, but ultimately it didn't matter—he painted magnificent paintings. I envy his degeneracy, but realize it was grounded in time and place and gender.



The painter John Wilds encapsulated my present day mode of mental existence. "Anyone not in torment, in the very depth of anxiety, in our age is an oaf or a blockhead."

*If you would like further information on Jeremy Turner's work, you may write her care of Art Alternatives, 5 Marine View Place #207, Hoboken, NJ 07030.*



*History Of Western Man Part I: Savage, 1992, 120" x 34"*



*Evolution, 1991, 75" x 40"*



*The Day America Met, 1992, 52" x 38"*

# RETROCITIES

Cartoon and comic book imagery is the most accessible art medium to the masses.

Many people are either intimidated or turned off to pretensions art they don't understand. One doesn't have to be an art historian to enjoy cartoons. Unfortunately, the medium is often sadly abused by toy industry marketing departments who create half hour commercials disguised as entertainment. Every Saturday morning, frenzied children are brainwashed into buying toys as they gape down howl after bowl of Sugar Sugar Crisp. Cartoon imagery is an extremely powerful tool for conveying messages.

I was exposed to art at a very early age by my Grandmother who is a certified Bob

John  
Munoz's  
Mediarrhea



clockwise from top right

Mirror Mirror on The Wall: Meet  
Puppet Starwars in a Style That  
Fits: Junkyard Tumbler  
Wildpower is Small: To Look Good in  
Calvin's Best: Point in Cal!

The City's Finest... Dennis

John Muñoz presented Cartoon  
GALLERY at Lullapalooza '96



Kass ("Let's paint some happy clouds—You are the creator") art instructor. In between drawing and coloring, I've logged countless hours in front of the cathode ray tube. I believe I am living proof of the effects of too much TV can have on a person. When I wasn't drawing cartoon characters I was reading *NAR*. I was mesmerized by the grotesque imagery and obnoxious sophomoric humor. *NAR*'s bold style and attitude left an everlasting impression on me as an artist.

My ability to draw was always a good icebreaker to meet new friends. It also brought on its share of trouble. In high school I had this really anal retentive biology teacher who drove everyone nuts. His biggest pet peeve was when students tossed "solid materials" into the lab sinks. This made him furious. One afternoon this guy came into class completely klotte. He was so fucked up he started puking in the sink and teacher went berserk. I decided to immortalize the event in a cartoon that began to circulate among the students. When the teacher eventually saw one he got more pissed off than the guy who wretched all over his beloved sink. I received a few detentions and a stern lecture from the principal, but not more than a month later he was the one who handed me the Outstanding Artist of the Year Award.

I attended art school. There were only a few classes in the curriculum that actually taught student's the "how to's" of painting and drawing. Not one of the painting classes I took ever taught technique, which I felt was absurd seeing that the reason I was spending all this money on tuition was to learn how to paint. I cranked out some pretty odd work compared to the others in my classes. Once in a while people would leave notes on my easel wondering what kind of sick perverted mind could paint like this.

Dan Choi of the William Morris Agency allowed me to organize and curate an art exhibition that would hit a few steps of the Lollapalooza '94 tour. The opportunity to expose my paintings to over 20,000 people was an exhilarating experience. It was hilarious to blend in the crowd and listen to the comments. The host reaction I received was when James Iha of Smashing Pumpkins strolled by the exhibit one morning as we were setting up. He stopped and just glared at a piece of mine that deals with the suicide of Kurt Cobain and his initiation into "that stupid club." He shook his head in utter disgust, mumbled something under his breath and stormed off. That incident completely made my day.

The major focus of my art is to present American social issues in a different light. Modern media bombards people with information day and night. I believe media over-hill (especially TV) allows people to become desensitized to what's really going on around them. The information seems to pass right through them and never really sink in. "Mediarrhea." Many of my paintings are reactions to current events and American pop culture. I'm not out to change public opinion. I just want people to react to the absurdities of real life Americans. My art is about reaction. If the painting evokes any kind of response, positive or negative, I consider the piece a success. I would much rather have someone tell me a painting is an offensive, disgusting piece of shit than say nothing at all. At least I forced them to have a reaction.

*Check out Mongos at Scorching Retinas—Calvaco de Optic Wayhem tent when Lollapalooza '95 hits a city near you. For more info on upcoming exhibitions and merchandising contact John Mongos at PO Box 12301 Columbus, OH 43212.*





*clockwise from left*

*.20 Gauge Scatterblaster Into The Stupid Club*

*Last Night's Conings: Buy 'Em By The Sack,  
Gas Bomb Skidmarks, Bust Puke Attack*

*Self Portrait 1983*

*Hey Jeffrey! Can I Have Another Beer? (Why  
Am I So Sleepy?)*



# THE FINAL



Three stages of Slowinski's development. Daily works, 1980 page.  
*Boy on Slide*, 24" x 36", 1980 (top); *The Barricade*, 84" x 114", 1979  
 (bottom); *That page*, *Torment of Sinner Americans*, 96" x 68", 1982

Tim Slowinski was born in 1957 in suburban New Jersey, the eighth in a Polish family of thirteen children. His large immigrant family was a world unto itself; outsiders were excluded. This self-absorbed atmosphere was conducive to the development of his highly personalized style of painting. Themes from his childhood such as spiritual tyranny, sexual oppression, food (usually in large army style portions) and the social, conformist paranoia of suburbia are a constant recurrence in his paintings.

As a result of unknowingly ingesting angel dust, Slowinski

suffered a complete mental breakdown in college. His slow return to



# FRONTIER



sanity had a monumental effect on his painting. His work began taking a dramatic turn from figurative paintings that mirrored our exterior world to something more interior, cartoonish, surreal. He resolved to paint only from his imagination, intentionally avoiding all outside influence. Slowinski now believes "every technique and style of painting has already been perfected, the only remaining frontier to be explored is the one inside the mind."

Slowinski's work examines contemporary social and political issues. Ecology, health care, pollution, greed, militarism, are among the concerns that have been addressed in his work. Slowinski's great sense of the comic and the absurd presents these messages with humor that lends objectivity to both himself and the viewer.

In 1983 Tim began showing at the Limner Gallery in New York City. Slowinski used the gallery to present numerous artists ignored by the main stream art world, including several featured in this issue. This spring he began a new art space, the Slowinski Gallery, which houses Slowinski's canvases as well as continuing to support upcoming, alternative artists. *The Slowinski Gallery is located at 215 Wallberry St. New York, NY 10012. (212) 670 0590.*



*Buy Mor Mart, 76" x 56"*



*Wine Tasting, 72" x 76"*





*Gastondris. 18" x 14"*



*Rule  
Through  
Town*  
68" x 72"



*Fat Lady With Dirt Cake*, 62" x 64"



*Soap, Crackie & Pop*, 79" x 63"

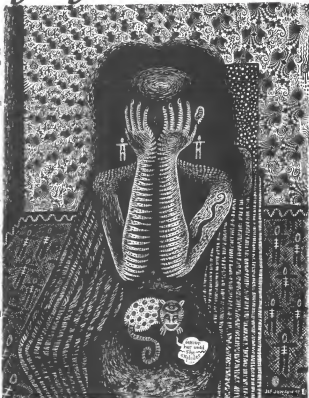
# AN ABSENCE OF LIGHT

## Jeff Johnson

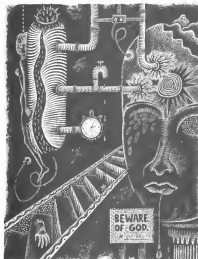
**I**t's always night time in Jeff Johnson's world. Not so much the absence of sun as the absence of light... and lightness. His work expounds the very darkest aspects of human impulses in a way that's mortifying but extremely poignant. Johnson's meticulous style and disturbing subject matter are reminiscent of recovered memory therapy—where victims are encouraged to explore the horrific scenes they've suffered by drawing pictures of the atrocities.

His work has appeared in *Real Stuff*, *Duplex Planet* (Fantagraphics) and *Dirty Place* (Drawn & Quarterly), among others. His three comic series, *Negative The Devil* (Fantagraphics), published in 1994, is a hallucinatory whirlpool of incest, gender transformation and ritual sacrifice, executed in Johnson's painstakingly crafted style.

His current projects include a graphic novel for Fantagraphics called *Sad Real, Sad Star*, a self-published compilation of his early works titled *Rebelist & Gangrow* and an experimental collaboration, *Desecration*, coupling his work with sound collages. Write Jeff at 106 Fernleaf Lane, Marietta, GA 30063



"Devour Her Until She Explodes": cover for *The Strangers*; a Seattle paper



*"Beware of God" from Dissertations*



*Cover for The Road Kill Review, a local magazine*



*"Eat Me" cover for Drawel, a local comics paper*



*"Bastard", a self-portrait*



*'You Are McGlade's Suck', from Desecration*

# Too Long Staring At The Sun Motohiko Tokuta



*Attack Of The  
Woodpeckers*  
1993  
36" x 60"



*Coney Island*  
1992  
36" x 60"

"I was born and grew up on Honkoku Island in the Pacific Ocean (part of Japan, in Japan, I couldn't understand people, I did not fit in. I came to the US to find out if I was strange or if all other Japanese people were strange."

Tokuta's work is similar to staring too long at the sun and then closing your eyes. You see thousands of tiny colored lights dancing in your brain. Sometimes you open your eyes and that interior image blends with your regular sight. (Grief you a glimpse of what it's like to merge our mind vision (what we see with

our eyes shut) and our eye-vision (what we process through our retinas). In other words, late 20th century America provides more than enough stimuli for the artist as he consciously riffs on popular culture. One work celebrates the madness that is modern-day Coney Island, another offers a generous pairing of bikers and mind-eating aliens.

"Living in the US, I realized that I am strange but also all Japanese people are strange, just in a different way. Anyway, I feel much more comfortable here and I think I'm learning a lot about myself..."

Motohiko  
Tokuta can be  
contacted  
through  
Stacie Pakiz  
204 Seventh Ave  
#446  
Brooklyn, NY  
11215



*Self Portrait #1, 1996, 40" x 30"*



# Not Just A Shit Sandwich The Coleman Chronicles

By John  
Gunn

**I**n the spring of 1992 two art professors at Cal State Northridge perused a stack of prints in the lithography lab: images of animals playing out the felly and finnies of humans.

"These are great! Who did them?" asked one.

"I did," replied Lynn Coleman from the back of the room.

"They're so strong," said the professor: "we were certain a man had done them."

Coleman paused to take stock of the result. Antagonistic incidents like this caused the young artist to redouble her efforts in forging out her highly personal and intimate style—often to the chagrin of the art school cognoscenti.

"I'd had enough of the various gray grids," says Coleman as she





*Pueblo Geisha At The Crossroads*



*Wee Wee Makiho*



*The Ghetto Ghibli Is Wood By A Black Cat*

recalls the minimalism in vogue during her stint at Northridge. As a reaction to the prevailing trend, she arrived at class one day with a Walter Foster book, "How to Paint Clowns," and began to work. The other graduate students watched in horror as the weeks passed, soon Coleman attained the status of an art class unteachable. "We can't even comment on this crap," said a student in the final critique. Then the professor—none other than Peter Flüggen, current art critic for *Newweek*—recognized that the faces of the clowns had been painted into fish. The bawling jesters had become Andy Warhol, Judy Chicago and Claes Oldenburg. The critique went into a tail spin.

"We thought you were just a shit sandwich, a stupid idiot," said another student. "Now we see that you're cool, cooler than us. You win." So it was that Coleman's clown escapade became a conceptual coup de grace, a joke played on classmates and professors. Thus has she stubbornly ignored



*Makiho East Meets West LA*

bad advice and developed her own piercing and irreverent style.

Coleman's layered allegories are personal stories, dense with symbolism, painted against a backdrop of Pacific Rim imagery. A native Californian, the artist chronicles the rites and passages of love, friends, and family. The animal characters come from those closest to her—her husband is characterized as a fish, she is a pig, their two children a dog and a snake. Generally, Lynn portrays men as fish and women as pigs.

"I always knew I'd be an artist," she says. "I picked up a brush at age four and there was no turning back." She thrived under the tutelage of her artist grandmother as well as her mother, a talented piano player. As a teenager she crossed the groves of walnuts and avocados each day to ride the waves at Malibu. But this idyllic lifestyle ended abruptly when she broke her back in a car accident at age 18. In convalescence she began to ponder

her direction in art. The local history of family, friends, and community emerged as her themes and she began to explore how she could best tell these stories.

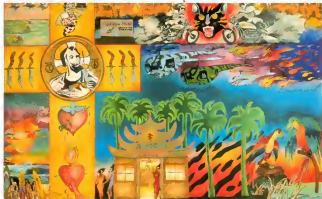
Shortly thereafter she spent time in Mexico City studying the murals of Diego Rivera. She admired Rivera's creative and multi-faceted visual language. Coleman began to envision herself as an historian of her own life and culture.

She draws from many sources. Her frequent serial motifs are a throwback to Byzantine art. She frequently pays tribute to the Mexican roots of her community as well as the pervasive Asian influence. This enticing geographical mix is a perfect stage for the little dramas of California culture—grief, cosmetic surgery, land development, and the race for social status.

Her use of media, like her stories, is layered and complex. Watercolor,



*Above: Making It Is Midtown;  
Left: True Confessions  
Of A Native Son;  
Below: Tropical Trout  
Was! Sameen Swine*



ink, pastel, enamel, oil, lacquer, beezing powders, metal flake, glitter, colored pencil, and graphite are applied in different combinations.

A carnival of characters populate her main body of work—and it seems they want to party. Several years ago some of the local pre-school moms brought their kids over for a play day, only to be visually assaulted by a typical Coleman theme hanging in the kitchen—a trout sodomizes a pig while a voyeuristic parrot spies from around the corner. The moms didn't come back around.

Nevertheless, she doesn't want viewers to take things too seriously. Her narratives weave wit and humor but remain sharp-edged and a bit disturbing underneath.

*Lyn Coleman can be reached through Story Studios 818/225-9427.*



# SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN

## The Surreal World Of Screaming Mad George

Interviewed by Matt Collar

Creators of  
Scream 2 concert tour

**S**creaming Mad George is a master of multi-media, working in any form that fits to create his disturbing, surrealist images. Best known for the fantastic special effects he's created in movies such as *Falsetto*, *2. High Trouble in Little China*, *road*, *Nightmare on Elm Street 4*, his hallucinatory concepts are also brought to life via live music projects, design work in everything from stage shows to nightclubs, oil paintings and his own films. His personal artistic vision is evident regardless of the media he chooses to express it in.

Born and raised in Osaka, Japan, the pivotal moment in young George's life as an artist happened when he encountered Salvador Dali's paintings as a teenager. His mind zeroed in on the world of surrealism—something in Dali's expressive of the fantastical in the most mundane settings clicked in young George's head... he saw a way to articulate his own supernatural.

He moved to New York



David Wenzel painted a car for Hammer's video, "Schizoid"



Screaming Mad George live!  
Photos by Eric Lashley



Catastrophic Dream



*"Birth Of An Alchemist" for 1990 Tokyo IAT Fantastic Film Festival*  
photo by Hiroki Koyama

City in the late '70's, to study fine arts at the School of Visual Arts. In 1978 George formed his first shock performance punk funk band, debuting at CBGB's. Through several name and personnel changes the live shows remained full of pantomime, special stage effects, animation and short films. Early shows featured George (literally) spilling his guts out on stage and climaxed with his self-castration.

In 1983 George produced and directed a video presentation of five of his songs, using special make up effects. This video led him to the film industry, specifically to Rick Baker Academy award winning special make up effects artist from such films as *American Werewolf in London* & *Michael Jackson's Thriller*. With encouragement from Baker, George left the Big Apple for Hollywood Land to begin his career in special effects.

In 1996 he formed Screaming Mad George Inc., and now works happily in all facets of media: live stage sets, conceptual design for album covers, commercials, music videos and films—he's even supervised the interior design, visual and music concepts for a Tokyo nightclub.

In 1998 George directed his first multi-million dollar feature film, *The Goymer*, a live-action film adaptation of popular Japanese comic book. This cult-classic is a martial arts monster movie with a sense of humor, and like everything George has a bond in, it has to be seen to be believed.

Screaming Mad George's appetite for multi-media creation is endless—he's found a number of appropriate mediums to create his surreal visions. Currently George is developing a screenplay based on his film-gore concept "Psyche-Fiction", which he intends to direct and produce as well as creating and executing the effects.

*Can you explain what it is about Salvador Dali's imagery that was so appealing to you?*

Until then, I wanted to be a cartoonist but I found the fantasy world in the cartoons was not as realistic in the figurative way. When I saw Dali's pictures they were very believable. As an eighth grade kid it was just incredible, there was so much more there than what I had seen in cartoon imagery. Then I got into the meaning of the paintings and that helped form my vision.

*Were you a fan of horror movies as a child?*

No, monster movies—all the Tube movies.

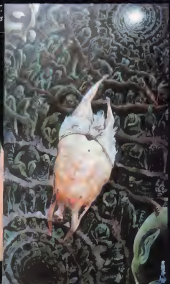


*Angel Petas Skull*

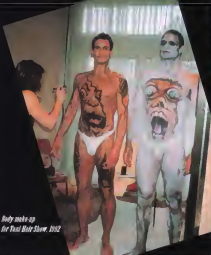


*Big Eater from the musical project, "Synchronicity"*

*"Deceitful",  
oil on canvas*



*Body make-up  
for Paul Blair Show, 1992*





Horror is not the point of what I do. What I'm doing is Psycho Fiction. There's a problem with the term "horror". It denotes small-minded, limited structure. While they often share similar iconography, Horror and Psycho Fiction vary dramatically.

The purpose of horror films is chiefly to frighten people. Religious imagery is often exploited in horror films as a motivating force. In horror, the audience is not satisfied unless the source of the horror is explained away. The horror audience has a difficult time grasping abstract concepts. Psycho Fiction avoids such methods, focusing on the dramas within.

#### *Anxiety Nervous*

*It seems like your paintings often develop into other things: screenplays, special effects*

*characters—do all of your ideas start out as paintings?*

A lot of times my ideas start out with some kind of imagery and my system is to put it into words—each element I have to analyze myself. I start putting the meaning behind the symbols I come up with.

*The imagery comes from your subconscious and then you interpret what the meaning is. When you have an idea, do you think: this will be perfect as an intrinsic model or this will be perfect in a live performance? Do you assign a medium to your ideas?*

When my paintings inspire me for other things. The imagery pops out when I'm in the mood to create. I want to create something for the stage or something for the painting. I want to come up with a film idea. There is a motivation behind the imagery: what would be interesting for a story.

Like *Animas* this current film project, still in development. I started out with the name "Joimes" and the idea of what if animas is narcissism. What if a female in love with herself is actually her male consciousness in love with her—what kind of love story can that create. From there a story idea came up with a lot of imagery attached to it.

*Is film the best way to get your ideas across?*

It's hard to say, because one of the biggest



*George sculpting Erik Mahoney for "Children of the Gods III"*



problems with film is I have to rely on so many other people. And as an artist, painting is something you can do all yourself—you don't need anyone else.

*But you have collaborated with a number of people.*

When I'm painting I don't have to collaborate and I can do anything I want. But with film, even if I have an original idea and I bring in a script, everybody starts coming up with different ideas. "It would be interesting if you do it this way——" "No, that's not what I want!" And because a movie costs so much to make you have to convince the investors, so in a way it's hard to say what's the best. But painting is very limited for me because it's just a "scene".

*And it's not three-dimensional——which you do a lot in your paintings: break the barrier of painting as a two-dimensional flat thing.*

Movement, time and sound are everything to me in this surreal reality.

*Your live performances——do you write songs and then develop a stage show around them?*

It used to be, when I was in New York. I was more into just coming up with something to do on stage, but after I moved to LA over a period of time——I grew up a little more. My concept behind the songs, the lyrics, became much more meaningful. For the album *Transmutation*, I tried the approach of movie-making. I came up with a prologue, a title, a first act, a second act and named them. The meaning of the titles became sort of like a section of the story——with each song I did whatever I wanted to do, but the titles makes a continuation, a kind of story. The titles tell a story.

*Do you perform these songs live?*

I can't really do them the way I want to because I'm not making a rock opera——we perform live with these songs but I can't fully visualize the exact meaning of the songs. It's much more interpretational.

*Do you want to do a rock opera?*

Maybe a different type of rock opera. I don't like staging dialogue too much.

*It seems like the perfect thing for you to do.*

If I had the money to do a live stage show I would do something like a rock opera, but not a continuous story line. I don't want to restrict myself to one thing.

*George's latest musical project is Psychosis, a fusion of Industrial Dance and Gothic Punk. In collaboration with Mark Setrakian——they create live mayhem all around the LA area. His latest special effects creation can be seen in Rusty Goodert's film, "Tales From The Road". For information on paintings, live performances or the CD "Transmutation", contact Screaming Mad George, Inc. at 10750 Encino Blvd #11, San Valley, CA 9052, (800) 767-NOL.*

*"Anatomus" production painting, oil on canvas*



*Rollercoaster  
Mask*



*George's interior design for the Tsurumai Cafe in Aoyama, Tokyo*



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*Halloween mask by Screaming Mad George*



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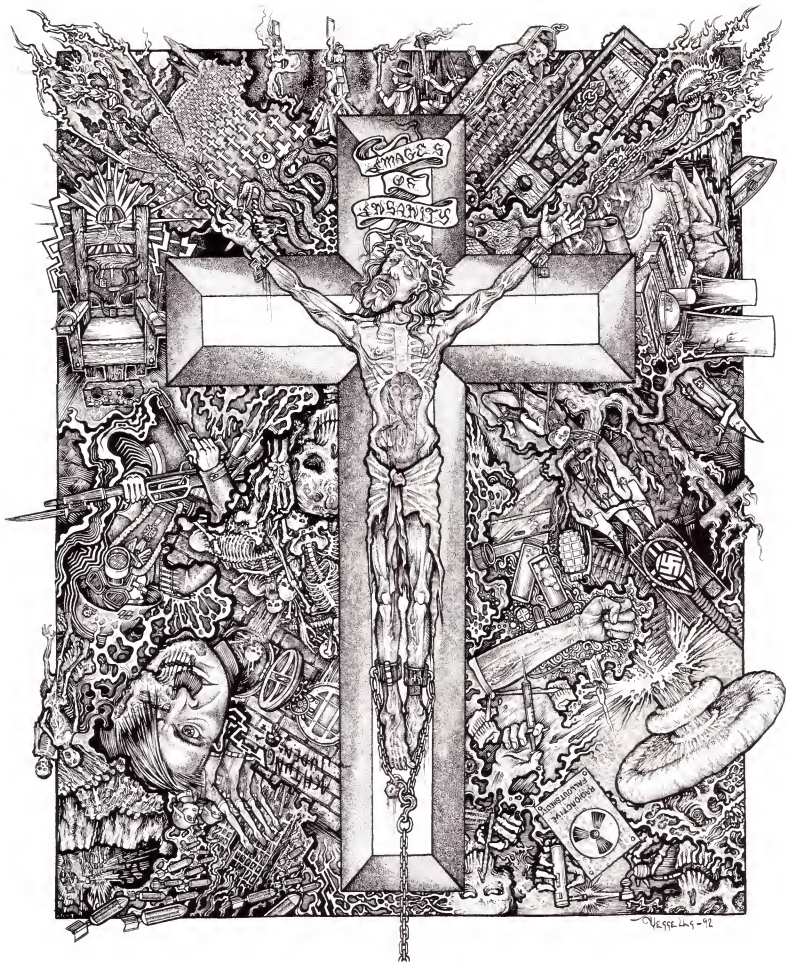
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